

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXII. No. 2243

and BYSTANDER

London
June 21, 1944



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Camera Portrait by Hugh Cecil

H.M. The King in Field-Marshal's Uniform: A New Portrait



WAY OF THE WAR

By Foresight

Tribute

ALL the Allied leaders have paid their tribute to those responsible for the early successes achieved in the Normandy campaign. Each has expressed surprise and satisfaction and has indicated that these successes represent a favourable augury for the future operations which are planned and will be fulfilled, presumably, according to a set time-table. But none of the Allied leaders

has ventured to draw any conclusions from these first successes over the Germans in France. There is more than usual restraint among politicians and soldiers. Neither optimism nor pessimism is encouraged. Yet it is possible to make many deductions from the early experiences in Normandy.

German resistance was lighter, or was more easily overcome than had been anticipated. This may indicate a German plan of action to draw the Allied forces inland. On the other hand the Germans may have been caught unawares by the efficiency of the Allied organization and the power of the punches which were delivered in the initial stages. Obviously the Germans anticipated that their defences would hold out longer than they did. They had been at pains to invent all manner of obstacles in the sea, and on the beaches. But none of the prepared German defences was sufficient to stem the Allied forces. The Germans were overwhelmed and this initial success may have subsequent reactions.

In some quarters it is thought that the German plan is to compel the Allies to fight their way through France, spreading destruction and incurring enmity, until they come to the frontiers of the Reich where there will be a truly bloody battle. The Germans are supposed to imagine that they can repel the then wearied Allied forces and probably defeat them. At least, they can be prevented from entering Germany. This is supposed to be the Hitler plan to win peace by political negotiations where German arms have failed, but have not been disgraced.

Dream

THERE may be some foundation for believing this to be one of the German plans, but it doesn't sound very convincing to me. Hitler's one hope may be to keep the war going as long as possible. He might argue for himself that this would give him a chance. But Normandy is certainly not the only Allied landing. It is but the first. There may be others of equal or greater strength which may be struck nearer the heart of Germany. The full force of Russian arms has yet to fall on Germany's eastern defences. Above all, there is the inevitability of continuous and cumulative air raids over Germany. If anybody is to be exhausted, it must be the Germans.

All the cards now seem to be in the hands of the Allies. They have the strength and the resources and the organization. Hitler may not realize it, but they also have the determination. Goebbels has continuously warned the German people that this is a fight to the finish, that the Allies will have no mercy and that, therefore, every individual German must resist to the last. While the Nazi organization remains uncracked this advice may hold. But even the German people may feel that it is futile to fight against impossible odds.

Warning

OUR friend General Dittmar has exceeded all his previous gloomy forebodings. He told the German people the other night of the peril represented by the enormous forces of the Allies and proclaimed that a crisis was at hand. General Dittmar speaks for the German High Command. "This is no longer a battle in the ordinary sense. It is a headlong course towards the turning point in the political and military happenings of our times." What does this mean? It would be easy to assume that the German High Command are preparing their own get-away from an impossible situation. But this would not be the wise presumption. Yet General Dittmar had to admit that the much-vaunted Atlantic Wall had not been able to withstand the Allied assaults. If the German High Command think this, what must they think about their other defences?



Inauguration Lunch

Air Chief Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory and G/Capt. Malan, D.S.O., D.F.C., were present at the inauguration lunch of the Spitfire Mitchell Memorial Fund, commemorating the designer of Spitfire aircraft



Invasion Chiefs in the Battle Area

Flying his flag in H.M.S. Kelvin, Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay (centre) visited the assault area shortly after the start of the invasion, with Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder. Rear-Admiral Sir Philip Vian pointed out something of interest to them



Montgomery Meets Churchill in Normandy

Just four years after his last visit to France, Mr. Churchill landed in Normandy to inspect the invasion beaches. Gen. Sir Bernard Montgomery met him as he arrived in a "duck." Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke and Gen. Smuts went with the Prime Minister



B.B.C. War Correspondents: Howard Marshall and David Bernard

Howard Marshall, before the war the B.B.C.'s principal commentator on all big events both sporting and ceremonial, went to the Ministry of Food at the outbreak of war as Public Relations Officer, and later to Tunis as war correspondent. David Bernard joined the Army in 1939. Invalided out in April, 1943, he joined the B.B.C. Pacific Service. He is now war correspondent with the Merchant Navy

In some respects General Dittmar's broadcast seemed to touch a note of hysteria. The question of the immediate future is twofold: can the German people be roused to an all-out and determined fight in this last battle which approaches; are the Nazi Party and the German High Command united in demanding this last sacrifice of the German people? There is no reason to suppose that the German High Command will not do Hitler's bidding. Yet they must know that their chances of survival are less favourable than they were in 1918 when they threw in their hand. In 1918 the Allies, after years of trench warfare, were not as strong and as confident as they are now. Above all, the Allies had not the mobility

and the initiative which they undoubtedly possess at this time.

Praise

MARSHAL STALIN exceeded all the other Allied leaders in his enthusiastic praise of the Allied operations in Normandy. His words are worth repeating: "The history of war does not know of any such undertaking, so broad in conception, so grandiose in scale, and so masterly in execution." Only now is the scale of the operation beginning to be appreciated in this country and the United States. Soon people will be saying that the years of waiting have been worth while. Not a moment has been wasted. The job has been

done well. But I doubt whether they will recall how those responsible for holding public opinion together and appealing for patience were constantly subjected to all manner of propaganda. Propaganda which might have undermined any man less strongly built and less determined than Winston Churchill, or any man less resolute than President Roosevelt.

Captive

WHATEVER else may be said of King Leopold of the Belgians he has comported himself with great dignity. The Germans must have been very disappointed when, from the first, he refused their repeated offers and would not collaborate with them. A clear indication of the German failure is the news that King Leopold has been taken from Belgium to



Calling All France

Shortly after his arrival in England, Gen. de Gaulle, President of the French Committee of National Liberation, addressed a message to the people of France. He is seen leaving his London headquarters before his broadcast



Touring the Beachheads by Jeep, "Duck" and Truck

For five hours, Gen. Dwight Eisenhower, Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Force, toured the American beachheads in Normandy. With him here is Admiral King, chief of U.S. Naval Operations. They inspected the main American battle sectors, the German defences, water inundations and Allied shipping. Gen. Arnold, Commanding General of the U.S.A.A.F., was also in the party

Germany to be kept in closer captivity. The Germans must have feared that what King Leopold would not do for them he would be ready to do for the Allies.

Finis

THE end of General Alexander's campaign in Italy can now be foreseen. There may yet be, of course, some time spent in mopping up pockets of German resistance, but it does seem that organized German resistance is at an end. The Germans have been routed in equal battle array. General Alexander has executed a brilliant campaign and all that remains for him to do is to count the German prisoners, make a tally of their dead, and prepare for his next assignment.

Obviously such a brilliant general will not be left idle, or be allowed to remain a mere administrative general in a country where there are no Germans. Other generals can be found for this task. It will be interesting to see where General Alexander will next be called upon to strike. As yet there is no indication, only speculation; but wherever it is the Germans know that he is a man to reckon with.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

No and Yes

By James Agate

I TAKE the following from the *Daily Herald* for Tuesday, June 13:—

"Hundreds of American assault troops are now reported to have lost their lives in gaining the mile and a half beach sector near Vierville. An army major in charge of burying the dead on this beach says that he estimated some 750 bodies were recovered, while probably an equal number were washed away by the succeeding high tide. The troops came in at low tide on D-Day. 'The American people ought to see this,' he said grimly, indicating rows of bodies stretching for several hundred yards.—Reuter."

Within half an hour of reading this I was sitting at the press view of *Up In Arms* (Empire), a musical about the war. And here, if you please, is the "literature" on the subject duly handed out to me:—

"Tailored for the box-office, the first musical from the expert Goldwyn source for five years, *Up In Arms* marks the notable return of the producer to a field in which he released such triumphs as *Whoopee*, *The Kid From Spain*, and *The Goldwyn Follies*. The result of his experience

actually enhance the Technicolor of the production."

I cannot think of anything more unfortunate than that this nonsense should have been put on at this moment. I have to say further that I do not believe that the vulgarity of mind which can turn the war into a musical is typically American.

A HIGHLY-PLACED American officer with whom I discussed the matter said that wartime Hollywood had become a pain in the neck to all decent-thinking Americans, and that the boys themselves, meaning the troops, were not amused. And why should soldiers taking the war seriously—and those beaches are a deadly serious business—be tickled at the notion of stowing away cuties in the baggage of detachments leaving for this country? Even on its own plane I found the show dreadful beyond words. So much so that when a crooner with a voice like a sea-sick kitten put over a number with the burden "This Is The End of Me," the devoted and

together by the thinnest of stories. We will, if you please, take the performers first.

There is a varied and distinguished list of these, not far different from those galaxies of music-hall stars which were seen nightly in London's West End music-halls many years ago. Jeanette Macdonald sings for us; a pity that her song is so very banal, both in words and music. Then we get a great surprise. A first-class conjurer appears, and with him a beautiful woman who is sawn in half, after which the lower half of her body dances off while the upper half smiles at us from the wings. Well, what of it, you ask? Hold on a minute. The magician is Orson Welles and the lady is Marlene Dietrich herself! Then W. C. Fields gives us some superb clowning with a billiard table. Sophie Tucker, looking as robust as ever, treats us to a patriotic song, the gestures as large, the diction as flawless as ever. The Andrew Sisters sing their usual incomprehensible nonsense provoking applause that a Melba or a Tetrassini might have envied. Artur Rubinstein plays the "Liebestraum," marvellously of course and making it sound almost like a new piece, which is all to its advantage. And then, the endless band: Ted Lewis, Freddie Slack, Charlie Spivak, Louis Jordan, all playing what sounded to me like the same tune played by the same instruments in the same tempo. Common music in common time, as a witty neighbour remarked.



Follow the Boys (Leicester Square Theatre) is another of the all-star productions which have grown so popular of late. One great name of the film world follows another with dazzling rapidity; guest stars alone include Orson Welles, Marlene Dietrich, W. C. Fields, Jeanette Macdonald, Dinah Shore, and Sophie Tucker; they serve as a background for the main theme of the story which concerns the step up to fame of a dance act team (Zorina and George Raft). Above left: Gloria (Zorina) and George Raft dance "The Latinique"; centre: W. C. Fields performs his historic pool table routine of "Follies" and vaudeville fame. Right: Marlene Dietrich is sawn in half by Swami Orson Welles, assisted by an able-bodied gentleman called out from the Forces audience

is a film in Technicolor outstanding for surprise, catchy music, hilarious comedy, and beautiful presentation and personnel. Two of New York's brightest musical comedy and night-club stars make their screen debuts in the picture. They are the brilliant Danny Kaye, who draws star billing, and Constance Dowling, the latter being co-featured with Dinah Shore and Dana Andrews. Kaye, undoubtedly Broadway's most sensational comedian of recent seasons, goes all-out in two outstanding speciality acts for the show—his 'Lobby Number' satirizing screen musical comedies, and his 'Melody in 4-F' with which he nightly stopped the show in *Let's Face It* on the American stage. Dinah Shore sings two special numbers in her famous style. A big ensemble number is 'All Out for Freedom.' Glittering production scenes stud the *Up In Arms* presentation, particularly a ship-board 'jive session' and a lavish dream sequence staged in a pastel-hued drug store seemingly as spacious as the Wembley Stadium. The whole show is embellished with three dozen of Hollywood's most glamorous beauties who

long-suffering critic of this paper took the hint and departed.

THE above objections do not apply to the new Charles K. Feldman production *Follow The Boys* (Leicester Square). This is almost entirely concerned with entertainments for the American troops, partly in camps, partly on the air, organized by what the Synopsis calls the "Hollywood Victory Committee." Here is an idea at which nobody can cavil, and as we only see units of the U.S.A. forces in the guise of rapturous audience, there can be no talk of degradation. In other words, the film is legitimate entertainment and as such beyond reproach.

BUT not, alas, beyond criticism. The film is a long hotch-potch of performers, dancebands, dancers, music-hall performers, singers, comedians and concerted vocal numbers, held

AND the story? Well, it concerns George Raft—who calls himself Tony West in the film and is one of the chief organizers of these U.S.A. Forces shows—and his dancing partner and subsequent wife, Vera Zorina, who calls herself Gloria Vance. Tony neglects Gloria, being wrapped up in the production of stars. Gloria becomes a mother, having refused to see Tony for—well, it can't be for over a year, can it?—and will probably never dance with him again as he is killed on a ship torpedoed by the Japanese on the way to Australia whither he is conducting a cargo of stars. We are pleased to tell you that the stars are all saved, though what happened to the lifeboat when Sophie Tucker was hauled into it, I shudder to think. So there you are. And if you like this style of entertainment *Follow The Boys* is just your cup of tea. Personally after an hour and a half of it I found myself incapable of following anything whatsoever.



In an antique shop in Warsaw, Jennifer Whittredge (Ida Lupino) meets Count Stephen Orvid (Paul Henreid). Their common interest in music brings them together



Stephen takes the young English girl to his home to meet his mother Zofya (Nazimova) and his sister, Janina (Nancy Coleman). Zofya is prepared to welcome the English girl but Janina, a strange, intensely religious girl, is cruelly antagonistic

A Romance Of Modern Poland

"In Our Time" Co-Stars Ida Lupino With Paul Henreid Of "Casablanca" Fame

● *In Our Time* is an original screen play written by Ellis St. Joseph and Howard Koch and directed by Vincent Sherman. It is at the Warner Theatre and tells the story of a young English girl, Jennifer (Ida Lupino), who while travelling in Poland with her employer, an antique dealer (Mary Boland), meets a Polish count, Stephen (Paul Henreid). Jennifer and Stephen fall in love and in spite of opposition finally get married. Together they plan to rebuild the family estates which are terribly impoverished; they succeed by treating the peasants who work for them as equals; then comes war. The count rejoins his regiment, is wounded in the defence of Warsaw and sent home. The invading Germans approach, the harvest grain is fired and the curtain falls, leaving the count and his English wife in Nazi hands.



Janina's unfriendliness causes Jennifer to run away from Stephen. She rejoins her old employer (Mary Boland) and plans to return to England with her



Stephen persuades Jennifer to marry him. Their democratic friendliness soon wins the support of the peasants and a thanksgiving party is given



Then comes war. The count rejoins his regiment and Jennifer is left alone with old Uncle Leopold (Michael Chekhov)



Stephen is wounded. He warns the peasants of the approaching Nazis. They decide the earth must be scorched, their personal gain sacrificed to the common good

The Theatre

"The Last of Summer" (Phoenix)

By Horace Horsnell

THE last of summer. We had reason, it only in the title, and the names of Miss Kate O'Brien as author, and Miss Fay Compton as actress, to look forward with pleasure to this play. Moreover, is there not something about Ireland and its dramatists that gets past our guard and disarms our alleged reserve? Is it their flair for sparkling eloquence and scorn of understatement, or the apparent volatility of their emotions? Almost any play set in Ireland, given Irish players, starts with the goodwill created by those irresistibles of the Abbey Theatre led by Arthur Sinclair, Maire O'Neill and their peers. So, in anticipation, was it here.

This formally plotted, not too tidily composed, and less than triumphant adaptation from Miss O'Brien's novel drew, in its early phases, somewhat heavily on that goodwill, but did much to repay the debt before the last of summer had faded from the scene.

The date—August, 1939—looked a little ominous. It suggested that hearts might be broken and happy endings be at a premium. But one can't have everything in wartime; and the scene, the drawing-room of an Irish country house, seemed to leave loopholes for comedy to elude the sterner impacts of tragedy, and to defy the sheer realism of interior decoration common to pastoral Ireland.

This impressive apartment was certainly chic. The bric-a-brac and appointments, both useful and ornamental, were superb. There was wealth, as well as good taste, about; and there was leisure for all except the domestic staff, whose representative, Delia the parlour-maid, came up smiling and loquacious with the fat of the land and the choicest of French vintages at all and sundry hours.

True, the first act, while not unpleasantly talkative, had the slightly stilted flavour of conversation transferred from a novel to a play, and here and there the plot seemed to have clotted in the process. But it was Irish enough for us to enjoy the chatter, while wishing it had been more robustly idiomatic, and waiting for the plot to unfold.

THE story's progress was from poignant to grim. It concerned maternal possessiveness and deeply wounded pride, long smouldering, and ready to blaze when fresh fuel was forthcoming. Its protagonist, Hannah Kernahan, was a widow with two sons and a daughter. Years before, she had been jilted by her husband's brother, who went to Paris, married an actress, and became a naturalized French subject. This blow to her pride had never ceased to rankle, though to all but her cheerful old bachelor brother-in-law, who lived with and subsidized the family, nothing of this was known.

The unexpected visit of Angele, her French niece who was a stranger to all, and of whose existence her cousins had never heard, gave Hannah the chance to visit the sin of the father on the daughter. Particularly since Angele and Tom, Hannah's elder son and the apple of her eye, fell deeply in love and longed to get married without delay. Then war was declared, Angele's patriotism made her desperately homesick, and Hannah had the situation where her jealousy and revengeful bitterness wanted it.

In order not to spill the plot prematurely and to conceal her evil machinations, Miss Fay Compton has to mask Hannah's true feelings with smiles and phrases that might have served

Goneril when fencing for a knockout with Regan, and to bide her time. But when the mine is fully tamped, she explodes it with exaltation, and gives her fine art its head and poor Angele no quarter.

Not that Angele is spineless. Having lost Tom, and learned the cause of her aunt's hostility, she retaliates in kind and, in a slanging match of considerable power, gives her enemy the works. This scene, which clinches the plot, is admirably played by Miss Compton and Miss Margaret Johnston, as Angele, and gives the theatre its full privileges.

MR. FRED O'DONOVAN and Mr. Tony Quinn bring the authentic Irish music to their parts, and put some synthetic accents to shame. Miss Hazel Terry's performance as a young postulant for the nunnery is as beautifully felt as modest; and to top up with the best of both worlds, Miss Ada Reeve, as a sorely tempted and not too staunch teetotaler, shows what art and experience can do to endear wayward human nature to all hearts.

The play was directed by Mr. John Gielgud, whose task, one feels, might have been eased if this good company of actors had been either all Irish or all English, and if there had been a spot or two about the house instead of so dazzling, if delightful, a display of decorative splendours.

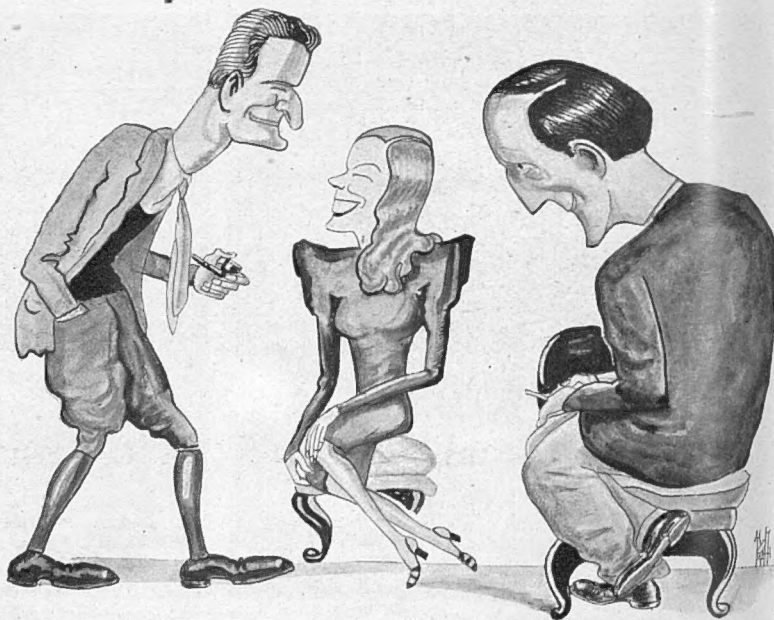


Right: Uncle Corney persuades Delia to toast the new arrival (Fred O'Donovan, Ada Reeve)

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Norrie O'Bryne and her father visit Mrs. Kernahan and Jo (Lally Bowers, Tony Quinn, Fay Compton, Hazel Terry)



Both the Kernahan boys fall in love with the half-French cousin who turns up unexpectedly at their home in Eire (Geoffrey Toone, Margaret Johnston, Hugh Burden)



John Vickers

La Grande Gingold: Wit, Comedienne, Author and Actress

For over a year Hermione Gingold has reigned supreme at the Ambassadors Theatre. They called the show *Sweet and Low* when it opened, but as time went on it graduated into something *Sweeter and Lower*, giving Hermione still greater opportunity to show the brilliant versatility of her artistry. In thirteen different studies, she creates a lightning series of lifelike impressions which range from a 'cello soloist to a matron giving a health talk, from a simpering star of the last war to a dashing Wren officer of to-day, from the rage of Old Vienna to the pride of the Borgias, and to each she brings an individual craftsmanship which is a constant delight. Most people would consider such strenuous nightly activity a full-time occupation; not so the Gingold. She contrives to fit in a multitude of other interests, among them the giving of troop concerts at week-ends, helping war charities whenever she can and, in between whiles, writing extremely witty sketches and stories for her own and other people's amusement.



At a London Film Premiere

A distinguished member of the audience for the first performance of the film "Cover Girl" was Vice-Admiral Sir Algernon U. Willis, the Second Sea Lord, who brought Lady Willis with him



"Cover Girl" First Nighters

Mrs. Charles Johnston was at the film premiere with F/Lt. Martini, of the Polish Air Force, and the Countess of Jersey. Mrs. Johnston, formerly Princess Natasha Bagration, was married in April

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Birthday Honours

Two important members of the Court, whose names rarely appear in public, and whose work is little known or appreciated outside the immediate Royal circle, were honoured by the King in the Birthday Honours List, and have each since received their decorations in private audience. One was the Rt. Hon. Sir Alan Lascelles, first cousin to the Earl of Harewood, His Majesty's Private Secretary, who was invested by the King with the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Bath, on the day his official birthday was celebrated. Sir Alan, tall, black-moustached, widely-read, is, among other things, an M.A., a member of the Travellers' Club, and the author of more than one book. He has two residences, one at St. James's Palace, and the other at Winchester Tower, Windsor Castle. His wife is the daughter of the first Viscount Chelmsford, and they have one son and two daughters.

His Majesty also honoured the Librarian at Windsor Castle, Sir Owen Morshead, who is Keeper of the Royal Archives, with an investiture in private. Sir Owen was knighted by the King, and given the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order, the King's personal order. Sir Owen, who has an almost unrivalled knowledge of ancient manuscripts, first editions, and other bibliographical matters, is the custodian of many Royal secrets, and his work as Keeper of the Archives makes him one of the foundation builders for the historians of the future.

News from France

It is bad news that young Sir Charles Birkin has been wounded in France. He was acting as a conducting officer at the time, one of the little band whom Col. the Hon. "Harry" Tufton, well known on the race-course as a shrewd judge of form as well as a Steward of the Jockey Club, and in other

circles as an enthusiastic grower of orchids, had gathered around him in preparation for the assault. Col. Tufton, as Deputy Assistant Director of Public Relations for the Twenty-first Army Group, is responsible for all war correspondents attached to the British and Empire group of armies under the command of General Montgomery, and he chose a number of well-known young men about town of pre-war days to be his assistants. Among them are the Marquis of Ely, known affectionately to British and American correspondents alike as "George"; Capt. Davies, who was formerly A.D.C. to Sir John Anderson when the Chancellor of the Exchequer was Governor of Bengal; Capt. Philip Dunn, who is chairman of the directors of the *News of the World*, and Capt. Soboleff, born a Russian, and before the war well known as an osteopath in the West End.

Aid to Greece

THE Duchess of Kent has promised to attend the gala premiere of *The Eve of St. Mark*, at the Odeon Cinema, Leicester Square, on the 6th of next month. This welcome piece of news was given at the first committee meeting over which Lady Ravensdale presided. Needless to say, Lady Ravensdale made an admirable chairman, for she has had much experience of conducting these affairs, and is a first-class speaker on almost any subject. She was very eloquent on the needs of Greece, and explained that the entire proceeds of this show will go to the Aid to Greece Fund, of which the Duchess of Kent is president. The aim is for no less a target than £6000, and the result of the sale of tickets at this meeting was £700, which is a good start. Lady Waddilove is Lady Ravensdale's deputy-chairman, and is one of the most generous of women in a good cause, as is also Mrs. Warren Pearl, who is one of the vice-chairmen. Lady Ormonde and Sir Percy Loraine

(Continued on page 362)



The Princess Royal Attends a Film First Night for A.T.S. Charity

Lt.-Col. David Niven, who plays the lead in "The Way Ahead," was in uniform at the premiere of the film at the Odeon Cinema. His wife was with him. "The Way Ahead" is a British film about Army life



The Duchess of Marlborough, president of the film premiere committee, received the Princess Royal when Her Royal Highness arrived at the Odeon Cinema for the first performance of "The Way Ahead." Mr. J. Arthur Rank is in the centre. On this occasion the film was given in aid of the A.T.S. Benevolent Fund

Swabe



The Queen, accompanied by the King and the Duke of Beaufort, presents Championship Tankards to Captain Anderton for the Best Riding Horse



The Duke of Beaufort, President of the Royal Windsor Horse Show Club, presents the Silver Cup to Diana Woosley. In the centre is Mr. Geoffrey Cross, Chairman of the Committee

● The very successful first show to be organised by the Royal Windsor Horse Show Club was held in the Home Park, Windsor, on Saturday, May 27th. Pictures appeared in our issue of June 7th but unfortunately amongst these were included some taken at the Staines Horse Show. We apologise for the incorrect information given and confusion caused by our failure to differentiate between the two Shows. Mr. Alan Selbourne (Hon. Organiser of the Staines Horse Show), whose name was mentioned in connection with the Royal Windsor Horse Show, had, in fact, nothing whatever to do with this Show, and is not a member of the Royal Windsor Horse Show Club, of which Mr. Ian Hezlett is Hon. Secretary



Princess Alexandra presents the prize to the driver of F. A. Barker, for Trade and Agricultural Turnout

Royal Windsor Horse Show in the Home Park



Princess Margaret with Princess Elizabeth as Passenger Drives Past the Royal Enclosure



Lt. Richard Carr-Gommi, Coldstream Guards, entertained Lady Margaret Fortescue, Earl and Countess Fortescue's elder daughter, at one restaurant



Capt. and Mrs. P. M. Forester, Sir Charles and Lady Madden and Mr. and Mrs. H. Paul were in this party. Sir Charles is the son of the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden

Eating Out: Pictures From the London Restaurants



G/Capt. Loel Guinness, O.B.E., M.P., and Lady Isabel Guinness dined together. She is the Duke of Rutland's younger sister, and her marriage took place in 1936

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

are vice-presidents, and Lady Wilkinson, Lady Hamond-Graeme and Lady George Cholmondeley are the other vice-chairmen. The only speaker besides Lady Ravensdale was Sir George Tilley, who is acting as honorary treasurer. The Greek Ambassador valiantly came along to be host in his own house—for the meeting took place at the Greek Embassy—although he had just been having his eye attended to after an unfortunate accident. Lady Jowitt, Lady Theo Cadogan and Lady Crosfield were other supporters at this successful gathering.

Ascot

THE June Ascot meeting was far less crowded than usual, but there were big entries, which meant ten races again. The Queen's niece, the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, watched the racing from the Royal Box, and was escorted to the paddock by Major Hall and Lord Rupert Nevill, who are both in her husband's regiment, the Household Cavalry. The Countess of Dudley came to see Fair Profit run in the second race; it started favourite, but only managed to run into third place; Lady Patricia Hibbert was looking charming in a little white crocheted cap; Mrs. Bill Blyth, having a day off from the mobile canteen she drives, was being congratulated by friends on the good news that her husband, who is in the Scots Guards, is safely a prisoner of war, after being missing for some weeks; she was with Mrs. Bobby Petre, whose husband is overseas with the Scots Guards too; Prince Bernhard, in mufti, was watching the racing through very large dark glasses; Lord Sefton came down to see his horse, Red Mars, win his race in grand

style; the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Cripps and Miss Monica Sheriffe were discussing form with Mr. Harry Cottrill, the trainer, who has closed down his stable this year owing to labour shortage; and Mrs. Robin Wilson was walking round with Mr. Frankie More-O'Ferrall. A quartette who went up to the stables together were the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk with Mr. and Mrs. Van Cutsem. Lady Beatty, Lord Carnarvon, Lady Lovat, Sir Archibald Weigall and Col. "Perry" Harding were others there.

Around Town

ON the surface, anyway, invasion and the news so anxiously awaited every hour makes little difference to the life of London. Restaurants are as crowded as ever and tables as difficult to book. On one occasion I saw Lord and Lady Cowdray with a party of eight; at another table was Lady Willoughby de Broke, who was wearing a most becoming evening hat—an unusual fashion these days and most attractive; Sir Arthur Pilkington was dining with friends, one of whom had just escaped from a prisoner-of-war camp in Germany and was celebrating this happy return; Major Bill Bovill, who was for some time equerry to the Duke of Gloucester, also had a small party that night. On another occasion, I found the Countess of Brecknock dining in uniform with a member of her corps; Lady Mary-Rose Fitzroy, sister of the late Duke of Grafton, who had abandoned her V.A.D. uniform for a summery frock, was dining à deux; and Sir Walter Monckton, the K.C., had Mrs. "Bay" Garle, who drives for the M.T.C. and is attached to the Ministry of Agriculture, with him. The Earl of Dunmore had his younger daughter, Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, dining with him. At another table the Duke of Roxburghe was with Major the Hon. Charles Wood and his wife, now more correctly referred to as Lord

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The Earl of Ranfurly took his wife out to dinner. He was a prisoner of war for over two years. Lady Ranfurly is a daughter of Mr. G. R. P. Llewellyn, of Princetown, Devon



Miss Prue Stewart-Wilson looked gay at this table, which she shared with the Earl of Kimberley. He is a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards



The Hon. Julian Mond, Lord Melchett's younger son, was enjoying an evening off duty, and his companion was Miss Anne Hayworth



Lady Cadogan was with a young friend, Mr. James Hay. He is the son of Mrs. Magda Ducas, and a great-grandson of Lord Southwell

After the Day's Work: Some Recent Dinner Engagements

Photographs at Bagatelle and Ciro's by Swache



Miss Beatrice Meynell, only daughter of Capt. Charles Meynell, R.N., and Mrs. Meynell, works at the Admiralty. She is a grand-daughter of the late Mr. E. G. Pretyman, P.C., M.P., and Lady Beatrice Pretyman, and of the Hon. Frederick and Lady Mary Meynell



Miss Joy Spencer Spriggs, daughter of Sir Frank and Lady Spencer Spriggs, of Grosvenor Square and Kingston Hill, has been doing important war work for the last two years. Her father is Managing Director of the Hawker Siddeley Group, the largest producers of aircraft in the country



The Hon. Hermione Willoughby, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Middleton, is twenty, and is working at the Foreign Office. Her home is Birdsall House, Malton, Yorks., and Lord Middleton is Lord Lieutenant for East Riding of Yorkshire

Working for the War

Five Girls Who are Doing Their Bit



Miss Juliet Hermione Slessor is serving in the F.A.N.Y. overseas. She is the only daughter of Air-Marshal Sir John Slessor, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., Deputy C-in-C. Allied Air Forces in the Mediterranean, and Lady Slessor, and a grand-daughter of the late Mr. Gerald Guinness

Photographs by
Harlip



Lady Margaret Fortescue, elder of Earl and Countess Fortescue's two daughters, is working at the War Office. Her only brother, Viscount Ebrington, serving in the Royal Scots Greys, was killed in action in 1942

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

FAIRLY accurately, a special correspondent has described the rich rolling Norman battleground, with its apple-orchards and deep lanes and white farms and ancient market-towns, as "England without ribbon development, hoardings, fake-Tudor tea-shoppes, or Jacobean petrol-stations."

The ideal modern battleground, from the single standpoint of those who care for what beauty still remains in an increasingly ugly world, is obviously the Sahara. After that, Libya, the sandy desert of the Mark of Brandenburg, and East Prussia. The most intensive harrowing and blasting can't harm these beauty-spots to any extent, and might conceivably improve them; just as an earthquake would improve, say, Leeds—not of course the inhabitants, whose pans have a sad spiritual loveliness which would have ravished Fra Angelico, but the buildings.

A point perpetually missed by chaps who argue that a great many of the world's beautiful places have been devastated in earlier wars is, precisely, that these places could once be restored just as beautifully, but they can't be now. The secret is gone. The R.I.B.A. boys realise this. If you look in at their Portland Place headquarters you see them avoiding each other's eyes in a sort of shamed, palsied trance. Message for Mr. Scrabble, please. Over there, boy, with his head under the cushion, groaning.

Rap

A GOSSIP who referred innocently the other day to "old Naval chanties" has probably been raked fore and aft by some angry retired admiral for so doing, as we were once!

There never were any Naval chanties, rasped our admiral. What the Merchant Service once knew as chanties, which were fiddled and sung to inspire a heftier drive at the capstan, were called "forebitters" by the Navy, because the singer sang them (unaccompanied) from the forebitts, a raised piece of timber near the foremast; and as the Navy works in silence, forebitters were sung only during hours of rest and recreation. We took it meekly from the admiral. He had terrible blue eyes, pale with the deep-sea foam and sharp as hand-spikes from peering at a thousand faraway landfalls and grease-spots, and in the centre of his vivid scarlet pan a small but overbearing beak jutted out like the spout of a tiny imperious pump, and his vigorous white hair was crested like a fighting-cock's comb, and when he reached the first tee all the birds of Heaven stopped singing and dressed by the right.



Hollywood

"It's caused by pollen or something"

Footnote

ANOTHER thing about forebitters (added the admiral in mellow mood the same evening at the bar, having won his monthly medal) was that they were often melancholy and invariably clean. Hardly had he spoken before some carefree stockbroker or other used the phrase "on a boat." We needn't tell you what happened then. Coo!

Laurel

THAT recent tribute to General Alexander was uttered by the Minister of Production, if you noted carefully, at a luncheon of the Clockmakers' Company. This seems to us significant.

The Clockmakers do not swagger round swollen with riches, arrogance, and lust, like the twelve Great Companies of London.

Their note is not rioting but realism. Whenever they hear some halfbaked apostle of Automatic Progress shouting "You can't put the clock back!" they are in a position to show the fool that, on the contrary, this can be done with great ease and one finger. Slogger Shaw hit the Progress dopes for six some time ago, and the Clockmakers in their quiet way are equal foes of demagogic fluff, rumble-bumble, and poodle-pie. Anything uttered in their presence, therefore, carries more weight than if it had been uttered at (say) some orgy of the Merchant Taylors or Grocers or Haberdashers, amid rose-wreaths and wine spilled from cups of lapis-lazuli, and hiccups, and boasting, and the lascivious smiles of a thousand houris whirling in the maddened mazes of the dance.

Inspecting the guts of watches day and night with a strong magnifying-glass screwed into one eye has made the Clockmakers' Company decent, sober, and slightly puritanical. Their wives and daughters draw their skirts aside on meeting Vintners and Playing-Card Makers.

Model

A CHAP praising the W.R.N.S. the other day and mentioning a lot of compliments paid them by various authorities forgot to include

(Concluded on page 366)



Anton

"I've missed half an hour of the big picture—what's happened so far?"

Metropolitan Medley

A Peep Behind the Scenes at New York's Metropolitan Opera House



Lily Pons, the diminutive singer with the great voice, made her Metropolitan debut in "Lucia di Lammermoor." Valentina designed the costume she is wearing in her dressing-room, five minutes before going on to play the name-role in this year's "Lucia," which was an entirely new production

● This year the Metropolitan Opera House celebrates its sixtieth anniversary. This old building, with its dingy exterior on New York's Broadway, has seen many of the greatest singers come and go, and thousands of world-famous figures have listened to them from the celebrated "Diamond Horseshoe." To-day the "Met." is as great a draw as ever to music-lovers all over the world

Photographs by
Sonnee Gottlieb



Grace Moore, whose first appearance at the Metropolitan was in 1928, as Mimi in "La Boheme," sips a cup of sugarless tea while awaiting her cue call. She wears the costume of Floria in "La Boheme," a role which she sang for the first time at the Metropolitan last season. Grace Moore is equally well known on the screen, and her performance in the film "One Night of Love" won for her the Society of Arts and Sciences' gold medal in 1935



Lauritz Melchior, leading heroic tenor of the Metropolitan since 1925, spends the last few minutes, before going on in "Tristan and Isolde," reading the paper while his wife puts finishing touches to his wig. She is always there to wish him luck before the performance. Melchior is 6 ft. 6 ins. in height



Jagel Jodels, one of the Metropolitan's greatest and most dependable tenors, sings in his dressing-room by way of relaxation while awaiting his call. Jodels stepped into the role of Herod in "Salome" at an hour's notice, to replace a singer who was ill, though he had not sung in this opera at the "Met." for eight years

Standing By ...

(Continued)

the poet Blake, whose wellknown lines in *Auguries of Innocence*—

He who shall hurt the little Wren
Shall never be belov'd by Men

—show that Slogger Blake probably knew more about naval brasshats than he let on.

However, what chiefly interested us was this chap's implying that Wrens have no historical model to follow. Probably he doesn't know Grace O'Malley, the almost perfect exemplar for seagoing girls. Grace O'Malley—"Granuaile" in Irish folklore—is the pirate-queen whose stronghold was Clare Island, off the Mayo coast; a comely, tough and dashing sweetheart of great seamanlike ability who treated Elizabeth Tudor as an equal and stood no patronage from that hâg. Mayo is full of stories about La Belle O'Malley, who would have made a first-class Wren except that, as the fond mother said to the Headmaster of Eton about her offspring, she could not brook interference. Anyway she's a better model for Wrens than a seagoing girl like Ysult of Brittany, a pretty soppy type, or Cleopatra, who fluffed the battle of Actium, apart from being a sad flirt.

We consulted a chap about this matter and he said "Jezebel." He seemed bitter about something and he said "Jezebel," which is utter rot. Jezebel never hauled on a rope or typed a memo in her life. *Jezebel!*

Sale

THAT £250 an acre paid in Kent the other day for a 25-acre cherry orchard would have put that feckless and tearful Russian

family of Tchekov's on their feet for a week or two, we couldn't help thinking.

In *The Cherry Orchard* the merchant Lopahin—we've just looked it up in your behalf—pays 90,000 roubles for Mme. Ranevsky's 3000-acre property, which is nominally about £9000; so you can easily calculate what the Ranevsky cherry-orchard would have fetched at the recent Kentish price per acre. Such a pleasing surprise would have made everybody cry even more with pain and misery, of which Russians are fond. On getting the £750,000 Mme. Ranevsky would dash for Paris in tears to be robbed and forsaken by her lover again, Uncle Leonid would get maudlin drunk in the nearest town, Anya would sob and take a few cracks at Life, and Trofimov would cut his throat. In three weeks the survivors would be back again, broke, feverishly talkative, taking more cracks at Life, drinking sweet champagne, and crying like billy-ho.

Our feeling is that when pleasure-crazed people round about said "Shall we go on a hell-binge with a gypsy orchestra or shall we drop round and have a good cry with the Ranevskys?" they generally chose the Ranevskys.

Prospect

ATTRACTED by a curt news-item saying a mission from the Foreign Economic Administration (U.S.) has arrived in London to confer with the Min. of Supply over goatskins, we assumed vaguely that this has something to do with the Great Rosy Totalitarian Dawn, due to rise shortly over one and all. Inquiries show this to be correct.

Under the benevolent eye of the Government secret police, each numbered unit of the post-war State will pursue his (her) daily



"There's nothing wrong with his teeth . . . he just comes here to read the magazines"

occupation wearing goatskin and carrying a parrot and a palmleaf umbrella, our Whitehall spies report. The question of pink silk tights for the maturer female serfs has been raised at the Ministry as well, also the question of laying down sea-sand in the principal thoroughfares. In order to keep the populace in a state of nerves and subservience, jazz-drummers with large bare feet will leave a footprint on the sand once a week. There has been some discussion at the Ministry over the position of the higher branch of the legal profession.

"How does this apply to the Bar, Cyril?"
"Well, they'll wear their wigs over their goatskin hood."

"They'll look pretty silly."
"No more silly than they look now."

"What about the parrot?"
"Well, the parrot will be sitting on their shoulder."

"I should think this would rather put a K.C. off when he gets up and says 'M'lud, may I mention Mrs. Rackstraw and Ajax Blast Furnaces against the Burmese Government, Peekaboo Perfection Panties, and Ruby Upcher, the M.C.C. intervening?'"

"The parrot will say all that."

Chums

THE recent reopening of the children's department of the Zoo shows how wrong those pessimists were who were prophesying in 1940 that the citizenry would be eating the Zoo before long.

This nearly happened at one moment in 1917, when owing to the U-boats there was only about six weeks' food in the country. As in the siege of Paris, our tastier dumb chums would have fetched fancy prices. According to E. V. Lucas, himself an F.Z.S., with whom we once discussed this matter, the tastiest of all would be those less agile Fellows of the Zoo who would probably be picked off by mistake as they swung from tree to tree or crouched in their quarters, watching the excitement with bright unwinking eyes. Fellows of the Zoological Society taste like pork, whereas apes are tough and stringy, he said. We got this fact confirmed by a chap who attended that P.E.N. Congress in the African Bush in 1925, when several fierce booksy girls went native and apparently ate a couple of Nature writers, Blasco Ibañez, Galsworthy, and J. B. Priestley.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"No! No! You've got it the wrong way round, Mrs. Henderson—it's you he's earmarked for the islanders' weekly meat ration, and it's me he's going to tin and sell on points"



The Wife and Son of the Victor of Rome

Lady Margaret Alexander, wife of General Sir Harold Alexander, was photographed with her younger son, Brian, at her home in Windsor Forest, where she was receiving many congratulations on her husband's great achievement in taking Rome on June 5th, twenty-one days after the attack opened in May. It was due to General Alexander's brilliant and determined strategy, in forcing the enemy to evacuate Rome before the arrival of our troops, that spared the historic city much destructive fighting. His campaign, described in America as "daring, unconventional and brilliant," resulted in one of the greatest victories of the war. Lady Margaret Alexander had been on sick leave from the W.V.S., and intended to celebrate the occasion by returning to work. She has a daughter and an elder son besides Brian



"A toast to our dear cousin Angele"
Angele, the French-Irish first cousin of
the Kernahans, arrives unexpectedly at
Waterpark, the family home in Eire

● *The Last of Summer* brings Fay Compton back to the West End stage under the direction of John Gielgud. The play tells the story of an old Irish family, the Kernahans, and the disruption caused by the unexpected arrival of a half-French cousin immediately before the outbreak of war in 1939. Both the Kernahan boys fall in love with their cousin, but it is the elder, Tom, who wins her love. The play revolves round the reactions of the boys' mother, Hannah, when she hears that her first-born, Tom, is about to marry. Unexpectedly and undeservedly aided by the disastrous news from Europe, Hannah succeeds in separating her son from the girl he loves. The play is presented by H. M. Tennent Ltd., with decor by Michael Relph

Photographs by John Vickers



Jo: "I've been wishing for some time now that Tom would get married"
Norrie O'Bryne, the local doctor's daughter, has long been in love with Tom
Kernahan. Tom is fond of her, but regards her as a sister and good companion.
Jo, Tom's sister, would like to see them married (Lally Bowers, Hazel Terry)

Tom: "Tom has
possessive
cards well



Dr. O'Bryne: "You and I might help Tom and Norrie to come to the point and get married"
Dr. O'Bryne is anxious to see his only daughter married. He appreciates the power Hannah has over her elder son, Tom (Tony Quinn, Fay Compton)



Tom: "You mean you'll give up your life in Paris, the theatre and everything?"
Tom cannot believe his good fortune in winning the love of a girl like Angele. Both are unaware of the scheming of Hannah and the doctor



Dotey: "Engaged, is it child of the man Dotey, Hannah's cousin, hears the love-making of calls for a glass of the"



We really and actually engaged! Say you're glad!"
He is in love with his cousin Angele. It is a great blow to his mother, whose will not permit another woman to share her son's life, but she plays her part for the moment, disguises her true feelings (Geoffrey Toone, Fay Compton)



Corney: "It is the '84. That Delia would make a good cellarman yet!"
Uncle Corney Kernahan gets on well with his niece Angele. The '84 loosens his tongue and he tells her the cause of her aunt's ungracious welcome. Aunt Hannah was jilted in her youth by Angele's father (Fred O'Donovan, Margaret Johnston)



His own first cousin. And she broke his own mother's heart!"
He lives with the family, over Angele and Tom. Her discovery and a slice of cake (Ada Reeve)



Hannah: "You! With your vulgar, summer-infatuation ideas about love! You poor little wretched, painted movie-actress!"

Angele, distraught at the news that her beloved France is again at war, attacks Hannah and is herself attacked



Angele: "God bless you and bring you home safe!"
 Martin: "Dear, dear Angele. Home safe. I wonder?"
Martin, Hannah's younger son, is joining the R.A.F. Angele, too, is leaving Waterpark to return to France. Both know they will never return (Hugh Burden, Margaret Johnston)



Key Man of the Invasion : Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, K.C.B., M.V.O.

Faced with the enormous responsibility of commanding the ships carrying the Allied Forces on the first stages of their assault on the Continent, and of supporting and sustaining them once there, no man is more fitted for this gigantic task than Sir Bertram Ramsay. His great powers of organisation and leadership are well known, and his experience of the problems of seaborne operations is second to none. Called out of retirement in 1939 to take over the Dover Command, it fell to him to organise the withdrawal from Dunkirk. Though the successful Allied landing in North Africa in 1942 was commanded by Sir Andrew Cunningham, the sea side of the vast operation was entirely organised under the direction of Sir Bertram Ramsay, who was later to plan the landing in Sicily, where he commanded the British area. He first came into contact with Gen. Eisenhower during the North African invasion, and last December was appointed Allied Naval C.-in-C. under the Supreme Commander. For many months Sir Bertram Ramsay has been one of the leading spirits in planning present operations, two days after the start of which he was able to announce "we have got 100 per cent. of the assault across"



C. F. O. Lister and J. S. Oliffe, partners in a match against W. M. Martin and H. A. Coldham, left the courts together



Nigel Sharpe, honorary match organiser, is seen talking to Sgt. E. J. Filby, who partnered C. M. Jones in one of the exhibition matches



Mrs. M. R. King (the former Miss Mudford) and Mrs. Menzies, better remembered on the courts as Kay Stammers, were two performers

Exhibition Matches for the Red Cross at Surbiton Lawn Tennis Club

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Barometer

STORMY at the moment, but veering towards set fair! "For Allah created the English mad!" Nevertheless, there's a darned lot of method in their madness, as some sub-human persons are having borne in upon them! These mammals cannot understand how anyone who was not plumb crazy failed to cancel the Derby, and could allow a big race like the Coronation Cup to be run almost at the very moment when another far bigger race was about to start. Of course, we must be as mad as hatters! But we were not quite mad enough to attack at the enemy's selected moment! This omission upset his time-table pretty badly. Cussedness, incomprehensible composure, phlegm, an even mind in the midst of very great peril—call it what they will, but emphatically it was not madness. We gave them a taste of it at the time of Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain, and now this extraordinary thing has turned up trumps again at the moment of as great an adventure as has ever come our way all down throughout our picturesque history. The decision to carry on was criticised by all those who particularly enjoy seeing a coffin in every candle, but, unquestionably, it has been the right thing to do, and a terrific fillip to a national morale which was already very high. It amazed the enemy and it afforded him the coldest of comfort. To do this has ever been one of the main objects in warfare. It has disconcerted a temperamental and hysterical nation like the Germans. Perhaps they may soon begin to believe that Dunkirk was the moment when they really lost the war. The Prime Minister called it our finest hour. It was!

Worth It

IF only two men and a boy saw the Coronation Cup on Invasion Day (June 6th), it was worth it. It was all part of that wonderfully conceived scheme for a tactical surprise. Pulling the wool over the eyes of your enemy always pays good dividends. If only the judge in the box and a policeman have seen the Derby of 1944, it again shows a good profit. The national pulse has not quickened by a single beat. That is what the Kreuz-verdammt cannot understand, and it is also what gives them the shivers. A ghost is indeed walking over their graves. To revert to this Invasion Coronation Cup, it was the only thing that happened after the Guineas and before the

Derby that had any bearing at all upon the latter race. The only surprise was that the price of the one colt in the Derby, whom Persian Gulf's decisive win directly affected, showed us that some people had no comprehension of the fact. Fair Glint was at 100 to 7 before the Coronation Cup and at 15 to 1 immediately after it. Personally, I shouldn't have expected it to have been the other way round. I say this with no knowledge at the moment that this is written, whether (a) the Derby has been run, or (b) whether Fair Glint has won it. This colt did not disgrace himself in private with the Coronation Cup winner. Of course, there was not an actual trial, for the two are in different ownerships, but I should have imagined that Persian Gulf's quite bloodless victory might have given some food for thought. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort yet once again showed us all how to ride a waiting race. He had no luck with Persian Gulf as a two-year-old,

but when he had got the gun really loaded he pressed the trigger in earnest. Giving 10 lb., Persian Gulf beat High Chancellor a neck on May 17th over 1 mile 6 furlongs 150 yards; on June 6th he gives 10 lb. to High Chancellor and meets Umiddad level, and lays them both out stone-cold over 1½ miles. In my view, it was no race, for the jockey never had even to shake Persian Gulf up. He is a ready-made Gold Cup winner. The very first time he ran as a three-year-old was over 1½ miles, and he was fifth, travelling on at the finish; next time out was in Straight Deal's Derby, in which he made most of the running. The order at the finish was Straight Deal, Umiddad, Nasrullah, Persian Gulf, Kingsway: the judge's verdict a head, half a length, a neck, half a length. He was fourth in the Leger to Herring Bone, Ribbon and Straight Deal: distances short head, a length, three-quarters and a head. Tropical Sun was fifth, Umiddad seventh.

Tea Interval

THIS pleasant period in the daily round, the common task, is supposed by some knowledgeable psychologists to put batsmen off the right road to their centuries, and to be almost as bad as is the effect of someone getting behind the bowler's arm during the actual progress of the fierce contest between King Willow and his arch-enemy Leather Jacket.

(Concluded on page 372)



Cricket: An England XI. Beats the West Indies

C. J. Barnett and R. J. Simpson opened the batting for England, and made 55 runs between them. The England team proved too strong for the West Indians, who lost the match by 166 runs

Captains of the teams were W. R. Hammond and L. Constantine. After winning the toss Constantine decided to put his opponents in, to allow the West Indian bowlers first use of the wicket



The R.A.F. Beat the Nottinghamshire County Cricket XI.

D. R. Stuart

Before a crowd of 9000 spectators, the R.A.F., playing their first game outside London this season, beat Nottinghamshire by four wickets. Playing for the R.A.F.: Sitting: W. Cornford, S/Ldr. P. A. Mackenzie, D.S.O., D.F.C., F/O. R. E. S. Wyatt (captain), F/Lt. A. D. Matthews, L. G. Berry. Standing: A. E. Underwood (umpire), L. Warburton, P. F. Judge, D. Kenyon, R. Howorth, B. Brookes, A. Cox, T. Oates (umpire)

The Nottinghamshire County Cricket XI., beaten by the R.A.F. at Trent Bridge, Nottingham, made 193 runs in 3½ hours. Above are the players. Sitting: E. A. Meads, F. C. W. Newman, G. F. H. Heane (captain), T. B. Reddick, J. S. Hodgkins. Standing: A. E. Underwood (umpire), C. J. Poole, Col. E. T. Vallance, F. G. Woodhead, F. E. Saxton, J. H. Newsome, Capt. J. S. Taylor, T. Oates (umpire)

Pictures in the Fire (Continued)

It is presumable that the critics imagine that what goes on at the Tea Interval at Lord's and elsewhere is of the same nature as the proceedings at other breaks for "Comfortable Bohea"—"My dear, I *knew* it all along." "And Clarice is just as bad and ought to be put in a home." "Of course, I would not say this to *anyone* but you, and you must promise me *faithfully* not to breathe a word to a single soul." "Why, she hardly knew the poor little ape! He hadn't a celluloid cat's chance" k.t.l. However destructive all this sort of thing may be, I am sure that it is not half so bad as what goes on at a thing called a Kaffee Klatsch. Anyway, cricketers never indulge in anything remotely resembling it.

A Lonsdale Memorial

IN writing to the Editor of this paper concerning the proposal to establish a ward in the Charing Cross Hospital in memory of the late Lord Lonsdale, whose connection with it extended over thirty years, Mr. Philip Inman, the Chairman, says:

We are opening a fund to provide, at a cost of £10,000, a ward in memory of the late Lord Lonsdale, who was for over thirty years our Treasurer and who rendered great service in a fine cause.

I remember well that, when our late President, Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, was performing the opening ceremony of another ward, I turned to Lord Lonsdale and said, "We would like to have one in your name," and he replied, with a smile, "Perhaps, one day." Many of his friends feel that day has come. There must be many who would desire to be associated with such a worthy memorial to one who has been fittingly called "a fine English gentleman."

It would be warmly appreciated if they would kindly send their gifts to me at Charing Cross Hospital, London, W.C.2.

It is certain that those who knew Lord Lonsdale and who, therefore, liked and admired him, will be only too anxious to help this excellent scheme to fructify.

One for the Brains Trust

At least, I think so, because it would be meat and drink to Dr. C. E. M. Joad to answer "Puzzled Female," who tells me that she finds all the erudite military correspondents so much above her head, with all their talks about "strategy" and "tactics," which, my fair correspondent says, seem to her to be one and the same thing, because both mean a blood-some fight. Closely linked, of course, but not quite the same! The task set is to explain the difference in less than thirty seconds. Quite easy, so listen! Strategy means getting on the right foot to deliver the blow: tactics concern the art of delivering it. If A is unbalanced when he tries to sink one on the solar plexus, or "mark," it will do no more than make the other chap sneeze, but if the full

charge is behind it...! Strategy is really the footwork. Thirty seconds out! Another easy way to sort things out is this: strategy derives from the Greek verb *στρατεύω*, "I march!"—tactics from the Latin *tango*, "I touch!" One word of caution: don't (if you wish to avoid getting all mixed up) read Von Clausewitz; also do not listen to

the japes of that jackanapes "Von" Hitler. Most of the German General Staff—bar, perhaps, Policeman Rommel—are tired to tears of both of them. All jockeys, of course, ought to study strategy and tactics.

P.S.—Alexander the Second's beautifully-timed left hook was a classic example of perfect strategic footwork.



"Northern Lights": By "The Tout"

As an afternoon's relaxation after weeks of hard training, racing has been a source of great delight to the troops. Those in the North who have managed to get in a day at Stockton or Pontefract doubtless follow the stables of the brothers "Mat" and Harry Peacock, and probably to their advantage, judging by the number of prizes both have picked up this season. "Mat" trains the crack two-year-old Dante for Sir Eric Ohlson. The colt has been entered for the Coventry Stakes next month. Lord Zetland and Col. B. C. Fairfax are Stewards at Stockton and Pontefract respectively. Cecil Ray got going the other day at Pontefract with three winners in the afternoon. Formerly a leading flat-race jockey, he moved his stable from Epsom to Malton soon after the war began.



Capt. Boyd Rochfort's String Returning from Exercise on Bury Hill

"All the King's Horses"

Sketches by Lionel Edwards, R.I., R.C.A.

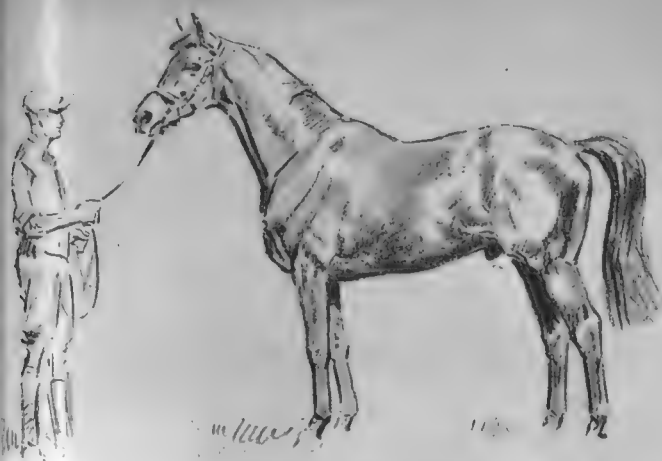


Fair Glint, the King's Derby Candidate



Sun Chariot in the Yard at Aislabie Stud

● Most of the horses portrayed on this page have carried the King's colours. Big Game won the 2000 Guineas, and Sun Chariot the 1000 Guineas, Oaks and St. Leger in 1942, while both were leased to His Majesty by the National Stud. They are now at Aislabie Stud, Newmarket, where Sun Chariot's first foal was born this year. Fair Glint will carry the Royal colours in this year's Derby. The top picture shows horses in training at the Freemason Lodge stables of Capt. Boyd Rochfort, the King's trainer



Big Game, the Stallion Belonging to the National Stud



Sun Chariot with Her Foal by Blue Peter

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

A Novel for To-day

It seems to me that I have too often heard the writing of Elizabeth Jenkins praised as "sensitive" and "delicate," as though it had these qualities to the exclusion of others. Sensitiveness and delicacy, used rightly, are interpretative qualities of the first order; as ends in themselves they produce only minor books. Miss Jenkins is a major novelist, from whom the terror and greatness of life are not hidden. She is more truly aware of terror and greatness than are our present-day so-called "strong" school, who deal in black souls, darkling mansions and violent facts. For strong meat, can we not always, and had we not better, turn to our novelists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, or to the great French and Russian? It seems sad to be satisfied with strong spam.

These days we are living through make one impatient with unnecessary noise. And whimsey is, equally, ruled right out. What we need now, more than ever before, is valid interpretation of human experience. I am therefore all the more glad that Elizabeth Jenkins's *Robert and Helen* (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.) should have come out this June 1944.

Superficially, this is a quiet story surrounding three characters—Robert Coburne, his younger sister Helen, his wife Racey. The action is divided between Robert Coburne's small eighteenth-century house in the country, near the town where he carries on his business, and London. The time is shortly before this war. The heroine is Helen, who, at twenty-two, when the story opens, enjoys an ideal life, at once free and sheltered, loved by everybody. In the creation of Helen the delicacy of Miss Jenkins's strength shows. Helen lives from the moment we see her (as Robert sees her) standing bareheaded on the top of the rockery, that February morning, looking round her at the fields mottled with snow. Near by works Robert's half-crazy gardener, Sebright, who is to play so strange a part in the plot.

At his [Robert's] voice, Helen had turned, and in a series of jumps she was down the rockery, her pale-brown hair flying backwards, her bracelets tinkling. Like Sebright, she said nothing, but she gazed up into his face with a speaking look of delight, words could not have matched it. He tucked her arm under his and they set off for the house, Helen pausing to say over her shoulder:

"Goodbye, unless I see you this afternoon."

"What have you been talking to Sebright about?" asked Robert curiously, as they went up the path.

"He was saying how he liked his rabbit cooked," she answered. "You cut it up and put it with an onion into a saucepan and boil it all together. Then, when he's eaten the rabbit, he says—'I drink the liquor, and it's better than tea.'"

"What else did he say?" asked Robert, eager for more of Sebright's domestic confidences.

Helen's face clouded. "Oh, different things," she said vaguely.

Undertow

THE relationship on which the story opens—that between Helen and her brother and sister-in-law, the adorable and erratic Racey—is unusual in its gayness and harmony. The Coburnes are even prepared to accept, at her valuation, Helen's first engagement, to a man not good enough for her. When the end of this comes, through Helen's discovery that George has told her a vulgar sexual fib, Robert and Racey stand by her in her disillusionment, and in her pain at the extinction of love, which the sight of their married happiness makes more trying. They hail with relief her second engagement, to a distinguished and much worthier man. After tempestuous hours, all seems set fair again.

They are mistaken. So far, I may have made Robert and Helen sound all sweetness and light: on the contrary, it is a study of dissonance, a tracing of the emergence of fanaticism. Symbolic, in its early place in the story (though Miss Jenkins never uses obvious symbolism), is that one dark picture hanging against the emerald watered-silk wallpaper of Racey Coburne's delicious drawing-room—"a family portrait of great though disagreeable interest. . . . It was the unmistakable likeness not of a man, but of sternness and misery." This was the first Robert Coburne, Robert's and Helen's ancestor, who, in his role of magistrate, had presided at the burning of two women as heretics, thrusting them back again to the fire when their friends, with support of public



Lady Stamp and Josiah Richard

Lord and Lady Stamp's second son was born on December 15th last year. He is seen above with his mother, at Evanston, Illinois, U.S.A., his mother's home before her marriage. The Stamps were married in 1932, and their elder son was born in 1935

opinion, attempted to rescue them. "The hideous scene was described in the county's annals for 1555. Robert had read it once, and the black-letter text was as if printed on his brain in blood and fire. He never spoke of it; it was a secret shame and horror he would not bring to the light of day." Yet, when Racey disparaged the portrait—in itself a bad painting—Robert would say immovably: "He is my ancestor."

Therefore, those dark, unhappy eyes followed the inmates of the drawing-room, whatever they did: only habit and happiness made one unaware of them. And more, some tendency towards a dark extreme had passed down, in the Coburne blood, from generation to generation. Between the tormented fanatic and his descendants—liberal, well-balanced Robert and radiant Helen—there would appear to be the widest possible gulf. Aunt Emily Coburne, one generation older, had, it is true, become a Communist; but the pleasant nobility of her nature took the edge, for her niece-in-law and her nephew, off her otherwise antipathetic views. No small infliction, however, were Aunt Emily's proteges, such as the earnest young schoolmistress in the neighbouring town, who, once on terms with the Coburnes, lost no time in introducing the totally unacceptable Mr. Meisels. Not only was Mr. Meisels, once in a house, like dry rot, exceedingly difficult to get out again, but two of his comrades imposed themselves on the Coburnes, whom they disapprovingly did not cease to exploit.

The resulting scenes of comedy are exquisite—this is pure social comedy, well-mannered and without deviation to the grotesque. (Concluded on page 376)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

MODERN women are able to compete with men in many

By Richard King

things, but in one thing at least they remain defeated. No woman can get sozzled and become thereby in the slightest degree funny. Usually she merely achieves the repulsive. Which is unfortunate for her, because she is otherwise inclined to become super-sexy. On the other hand, a drunken man may sometimes achieve wit. He can, on occasion, even be brilliantly amusing. His mental reactions may easily go all "Walt Disney," and thus in the ridiculous attain an attitude of mind uproariously unreal.

A woman never achieves this. Her alcoholic exhibition is invariably depressing. Nevertheless, one did at least obtain the big laugh the other evening. Not because she was sozzled, but because there was such a sudden drop from her high, semi-military position to that of a pantomime dame. The evening up to that moment had gone well with her. She had consumed twenty-six gins, and doubtless felt on the top of the world—the incarnation of Florence Nightingale and every other woman who has achieved greatness through succouring the wounded. Unfortunately, just when she had reached that top a soldier in one of the lesser bars threw an unexpected fit. Gallantly the lady and her twenty-six gins rose to the occasion. Together, but not in accord, alas! The lady would have rushed to her fallen compatriot, but the gins didn't care a damn. They guided her to a

table on which stood some glasses of beer. Her foot caught the table in her charitable stampede, upset it and landed her in a prone position on the top of the casualty. While others were looking for ice and brandy, the poor woman could apparently think of no other item from the *Complete Manual for Nurses* except to take the semi-conscious man in her arms and cry: "It's all right now, darling. Mother's with you!" Whereupon he passed out altogether.

Well, if only occasionally, but for certain, some such absurd incidents would happen, I might revise my opinion which, at the moment, is that the modern practice of anything female from the age of sixteen upwards frequenting pubs as a matter of nightly course has completely ruined the charm for which pubs once stood. As manners are to-day, I can see no return, alas! to the old exclusiveness. Which is a pity, because woman can offer us no greater revenge than man's intrusion on Women's Institutes, Mothers' Meetings and evenings of Christian Fellowship at the Y.W.C.A.—a dim alternative for every Adam. On the other hand, I have a vague suspicion that bars for "Men Only" would not solve the problem. I foresee they might be filled entirely by the old and very garrulous, for whom not even the sudden entry of a pin-up girl deficient in pins would bring the argument between advocates of natural manure against artificial substitutes in the fuller life of a mangel-wurzel to a full-stop.



Morgenthau — Bolton

Capt. E. F. Morgenthau, U.S. Army, son of the late Max Morgenthau, of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Joan Annette Bolton, daughter of Sir Reginald and Lady Tuck, were married at Caxton Hall



de Liedekerke — Molloy

The marriage took place at Westminster Cathedral of Comte Philippe de Liedekerke and Miss Esther Molloy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Molloy, of Mongewell, Oxfordshire



Alston — Vogt

The marriage of Capt. James Lewis Alston, U.S. Army, of Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A., and Miss Jane Lucille Vogt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Everett Vogt, of 35, Chalfont Court, N.W., took place at St. Mark's, North Audley St.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Richmond-Jones — Thomas

Capt. Dudley Richmond-Jones, The Gordon Highlanders, of Heathcot, Willaston, Wirral, Cheshire, and Miss Elizabeth Rowland Thomas were married at the Temple Church. The bride is the daughter of Mr. Rowland Thomas, K.C., and Mrs. Rowland Thomas



Woodd — Russell

Lt.-Col. Basil Bethune Neville Woodd, 14/20th King's Hussars, only son of the late H. T. Woodd, and Mrs. Woodd, of Kingsgate, Rolvenden, Kent, and Miss Diana Elizabeth Russell, younger daughter of the late J. C. Russell and Mrs. Russell, of Delamas, Ingatestone, Essex, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Lockhart Smith — Young

Right: Lt. David B. Lockhart Smith, Royal Marines, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Smith, of Barbon, Westmorland, and Miss Margaret Eva Young, daughter of Professor and Mrs. James Young, of Westerland, Maidenhead, were married at St. Luke's, Hampstead

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 362)

and Lady Irwin, the King having conferred an Earldom on his father, Viscount Halifax, our Ambassador in America, in the Birthday Honours.

Out and About

WALKING along Bond Street I ran into Capt. and Mrs. Keyworth, who were spending a few days in London before going off to Scotland to fish. Capt. Keyworth, who is in the Queen's Bays and is very well known in the V.W.H. country, has lately arrived from Germany, having been repatriated with the batch last month. Also in Bond Street were Lady Ursula Vernon, in a cool summer frock and very gay-coloured sandals; Col. Tom Draffen, just back from the Middle East, with Brig. Beddington; Lady Mary Berry, looking very nice in a long red coat with white hat and shoes; and Miss Kay Hammond, hatless and looking very glamorous.

First Night

AN enthusiastic audience welcomed Fay Compton back to the London stage when *The Last of Summer* opened at the Phoenix Theatre. The foyer seethed with famous personalities of stage and screen: in one corner was Mr. Hugh Beaumont with Lady Colefax and Lady Coningham; in another, Mr. and Mrs. John Clements; and milling around, greeting friends here, there and everywhere, were Sir Alexander Korda, Angela Baddeley (looking very smart in black), James Mason, Terence Rattigan with Joyce Carey, Margaretta Scott, Phyllis Monkman, Mrs. Emlyn Williams, the glamorous Carla Lehmann, and Beatrice Lillie, who honoured the occasion by a particularly charming and rather less severe "hair-do" than usual. John Gielgud, who was in the audience at the London premiere of one of his productions for the first time for many years, had brought his parents and sister; his aunt, Mabel Terry Lewis, was there too. Hazel Terry, who plays the part of Jo Kernahan (see pages 368 and 369), is John's cousin. Kate O'Brien, who, with S/Ldr. John Perry (now serving in Italy), adapted the play from her novel of the same name, was in the theatre, but few of the audience knew it, for she hid herself at the back of a box.



J. D. Forbes

Lord Lyell and His Mother

Lady Lyell, widow of Capt. Lord Lyell, V.C., accompanied by her four-year-old son, opened the *Salute the Soldier Week* at Monifieth, Angus. The late Lord Lyell was killed in action in April last year, and posthumously awarded the V.C. for his outstanding leadership, gallantry and self-sacrifice.



A Cup of Tea for the Duchess

When the Duchess of Kent visited the Churchill Club in Westminster a short time ago, she had tea with Capt. Swinley, who works at the Admiralty, looking after the welfare of naval personnel. The Churchill Club is for the use of British, Dominion and American forces

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 374)

Yet Meisels, preposterous as he is, is at least one cause of the crack across Helen's crystal world. Aunt Emily's teaching has already attracted her by its positiveness, its element of the extreme. Again, through a diary she shares a secret life with a great-great-aunt who had died as a young girl. Under its brightness, its apparent facility, Helen's nature feels an undertow, an implacable current. In the end, the hunting-down of the mad gardener, Sebright, becomes the crux upon which her second propitious engagement, and her still dearer relation with Robert and Racey, breaks. War, perhaps not unkindly, is to end a life she would have found hard to live.

I have called this a novel for to-day because it embraces incalculable elements of the soul. Miss Jenkins's comprehension of human beings is startling. Even her subsidiary characters—Basil Carter, his wife and her sister Amy, Marjorie Fairchild, the schoolmistress, Meisels himself, and, not least, the Coburnes' superior maid, Doris—have a three-dimensional reality.

Prisoner

"PRISONER FROM ALAMEIN," by Brian Stone (Witherby; 8s. 6d.), has a quality that sets it widely apart from the general run of war books, however excellent. This may partly be due to Capt. Stone's own personality, partly to his power of recapturing every shade of sensation—pain, relief from pain, semi-delirium, semi-consciousness, the exultations of tank warfare, hunger, pleasure in food, the glare of the desert, the dimmed lights of hospitals seen in the small hours by sleepless eyes, the claustrophobia, jars and flying glimpses of a journey in ambulance or hospital train, the alternating ennui and enjoyable coma of weeks in bed . . . He can more than write; he can somehow compel the reader into a receptive trance in the course of which his experience is transfused, and becomes the reader's own.

Capt. Stone describes—in this case, an inadequate word—the desert campaigns in which he took part. He arrived in the Middle East in October 1940, with the 5th Battalion Royal Tank Regiment, in time for the first retreat before the Germans, during which he brought the only remaining tank of the Army back into Tobruk. The last retreat, from Gazala to El Alamein, culminated for him in his capture by the Germans in July 1942. It is with his capture that the story begins—what preceded it is told in a series of retrospective flashes. He was captured wounded—one leg shot off from the knee, the other lacerated; in this state he lay in a German gun-pit all through a day. To the Germans' stolid, repeated attempts to rescue him, under more or less continuous British fire, he pays the tribute that is deserved. It was, in fact, with considerable misgivings that he found himself handed over from German into Italian care, to occupy, pending the embarkation in a hospital ship for Italy, an exiguous beach hospital.

After the landing in Naples, and hospital there (which included a visit from Royalty), comes the train journey up Italy, to the hospital not far from Milan, where he was to remain until his repatriation, via Lisbon, in Spring 1943. . . . I have not room to quote as I should have liked to do, one or two passages that might give you some idea of the texture and outlook of *Prisoner from Alamein*. I can only say, briefly, that the book is the reverse of depressing, and is extremely impressive. I do most earnestly counsel you not to miss it.

Polish Youth

"JAN: PORTRAIT OF A POLISH AIRMAN," by his English wife (Bles; 8s. 6d.), is a story told with a patient, vivid simplicity that has a cumulative effect. We are not (I hope) ignorant of Poland's crises and agonies, but few of us know much of her normal life. This account of the boyhood and youth—in different cities, in the countryside, in the mountains—of a Polish professor's son has been strung together from the memories of a young man now dead in the Allied cause. And it has not been strung at random: it has a personal, convincing continuity of its own. For the woman who speaks, and who tells with unselfish feeling of her dead husband's love for his first wife, makes use to the full of love's psychic power: one's beloved memories almost become one's own.

In another sense, *Jan* fills in a gap. In so far as we have heard of Polish life, we have tended to hear of its two extremes—in the great houses surrounded by their estates, in the cottages of the peasants. Here we have a picture of the professional classes, with their modestly gracious living, their liberalism. The love between Jan and Mia, beginning in childhood, culminating in early, too brief, marriage, has a serious poetry. It is tragic to watch these young creatures orientating their lives towards a future that was to be snatched from them.

Tall Parlourmaid

"CLUNY BROWN," by Margery Sharp (Collins; 8s. 6d.), is a gay and accomplished novel about a parlourmaid *malgré elle*. Tall Cluny, of the long nose and pony-tail coiffeur, did not, her Uncle Arn complained, know her place; so she was sent to a Devonshire country house to learn it; became engaged to a chemist, ran away with a Pole. There were moments, in the Friars Carmel passages, when I could not help finding echoes of Angela Thirkell. But Miss Sharp has her own distinctive place in fiction, which she maintains here in a manner mainly her own. Of Cluny herself I should like a good deal more.

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The Loving Cup

The loving cup and the grace cup are sometimes thought to be much the same thing. So they are in the ceremony of the drinking but their origins are very different. The true loving cup had a lid and the one about to drink would turn to the neighbour on his right who would remove the lid with his right (or dagger) hand and thus keep it innocently occupied. The grace cup which also passed round the table, was instituted by a Scots queen who conceived the idea of keeping back a bumper of specially choice wine until after grace had been said and thus keep the diners in their places.

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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A CLERGYMAN was on a lecture tour, and after the first lecture in a certain county, a reporter from a local newspaper called to interview him. The lecturer asked him not to publish any details of the lecture, as it might spoil the attendance at the other halls where more or less the same speech would be delivered in the county.

The following morning, the clergyman was horrified to read in the local paper: "The Rev. — gave a delightful lecture in the Church Hall last night. He told some excellent and amusing stories, but unfortunately they cannot be printed."

A WAKENED by the insistent ringing of the telephone in the early hours of the morning, a publican, who did not live on his licensed premises, hastened to answer it. A voice asked: "Is that the landlord of the 'George'? What time do you open in the morning?"

Brusquely the publican replied: "Eleven o'clock," and banged down the receiver. Half an hour later the phone rang again and the same voice repeated the same query: "What time do you open in the morning?"

The publican was angry and told the inquirer that he did not want any one like him in his pub.

"I don't want to get in; I want to get out," said the voice. "I have been locked up in your bar all night."

SHORTLY before the invasion started a brigadier and his staff were watching a troop-carrying glider go by, and from it came a carrier pigeon.

Powerful field glasses followed every flap of the pigeon's wings until it fluttered into a nearby coop, and a colonel raced over to get the message, bounded back breathlessly, and handed it to the brigadier. He opened it with trembling hands, read it, cursed, and threw it on the ground, then walked off with his face a bright purple. A young staff lieutenant waited a moment, then picked up the message. It said: "I have been sent down for being naughty in my cage."

LAST summer, hoping to inspire his workers with promptness and energy, a New York executive hung a number of signs reading "Do It Now" around his factory and office. When he was asked some weeks later how his staff had reacted, he shook his head sadly.

"I don't even like to talk about it," he said. "The cashier skipped with four thousand dollars, the head bookkeeper eloped with the best secretary I ever had, three typists asked for an increase, the factory workers voted to go out on strike and the office boy joined the navy."

A YOUNG father in his haste to let his mother-in-law know that he had been blessed with twins, sent a wire which read: "Twins this morning. More tomorrow."

TWO dear old ladies were walking along a London street when they passed a couple of military policemen.

"Look, dear," said one, "do you see those men have M.P. on their armlets?"

"That's what I call sensible," replied the other. "It's much better for them to patrol the streets than to waste their breath in the House of Commons."

TWO Scotch gamekeepers had given a millionaire sporting tenant a good day. As a reward he gave them a bottle of whisky. They had some drinks in the evening, and agreed between them to leave some for the morning.

During the night Jock heard Donald stealthily crossing the floor.

"What do you want, Donald?" he asked:

"Naething, naething," replied Donald, peevishly.

"Ye'll get it in the bottle," said Jock.

A HUSBAND had been lecturing his wife on the evils of listening to and repeating gossip.

"As far as I am concerned," he said pompously, "scandal goes in at one ear and out of the other."

"Well," said his wife, sweetly, "there's nothing to stop it, is there?"



Ann Stephens is only twelve years old but she is already making herself known to the public. She has appeared in quite a number of films, including "The Young Mr. Pitt," "Dear Octopus" and "Fanny by Gaslight." Now she is to take part in the pageant-play "Co-operative Century" based on the book by L. du Garde Peach, which will run for a three weeks' season at the Scala Theatre from July 1. "Co-operative Century" is based on the cause, origin and growth of the Co-operative Movement and is presented as a tribute to the memory of the Pioneers of Rochdale.

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



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A long way to go, but it's the early years that count. Wise mothers choose CHILPRUFE because of its famed Protection and Durability. The parents of today are the Children who wore CHILPRUFE a generation past. The tradition of CHILPRUFE goes on. It is always the best underwear procurable.



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You can't be alert and
on top of your job if
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clean. So —

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Dummy Stories

WITH the descent of Allied parachutists on to French soil there arose the usual supercharged heat wave of rumour. It was said that when one went up to the Allied dummies they exploded or rose and struck one on the chin. There were other rumours, mostly, I imagine, put about by the enemy, but I confess to feeling most disappointed in that no Allied soldier has as yet to my knowledge been reported descending by parachute dressed as a nun or as a nursemaid pushing a pram with twins in it. Surely this is against all military precedent. When the German parachutists descended on Allied countries the rumours came thick and fast and they were reported in almost every known disguise. I believe one German soldier, but only one, was reported as descending disguised as a German soldier.

Seriously, however, it does seem extraordinary the way rumours fly and the way in which they multiply with the vigour of the offensive. The more massive and the more shattering the Allied blows the more we may expect to see rumour growing out of proportion to reality. I doubt whether there is much real danger in these rumours, though possibly some of them are put about as a method of fishing for information. In the main, however, they are simply the result of the distortions that go with great disorganization and great excitement or fear.

Skiping It

THE one really novel part of the Allied plan was the airborne side and although I am writing before any full and detailed statement has come out I think it is sufficiently clear that the organization of the aerial attack was efficient. Greater numbers of airborne troops were handled than ever before in any military operation. The German air invasion of Crete was a very small thing compared with the Allied airborne invasion of France. We have, however, to distinguish that the two were different. The taking of Crete was an entirely airborne achievement and it deserves to go down in history for that reason. It was executed with the greatest skill. The Allied airborne forces, which went into France on the 6th of June and afterwards were working with land and sea forces, were certainly bearing a greater portion of the total responsibility.

On the whole I would say that the planning problem was the more difficult for the Allies and that not only because much greater numbers were being employed but because it is more difficult to fit in the different time scales of airborne and other troops.

A word of admiration ought to be added for the men who dropped by parachute and went down by glider.

This is accepted as the most hazardous and nerve trying operation ever invented for the individual soldier. Our men went in with great vigour and I was surprised not to see fuller commendation for their great feats at the time.



W/Cdr. Kenneth Hughes Blair, D.F.C., commands a R.A.F. squadron, and has himself destroyed twelve enemy aircraft. The fine record of operations achieved by his squadron is largely due to the excellent and courageous leadership of W/Cdr. Blair.

Sickness

ONE of the things on which I should like to be further informed is how the problem of airsickness was dealt with. The Allied airborne forces went across, according to report, under a cloudy sky. They flew low but it seems probable that they were considerably bumped during their passage to the dropping zone. Forces landed from the air are likely to be destroyed if they have been suffering from sickness during the passage. Some reports—at least one came on the B.B.C.—spoke of troops who were being carried in surface craft being seasick, so it does not look as if there is any successful chemical remedy. I should much like to know how the airsickness problem was overcome.

Some American doctors recently gave their views on how to prevent airsickness and they described it as largely a form of neurosis—a description which certainly would not please the wretched victim. But if it is a neurosis it would presumably be even more difficult to guard against in troops moving into battle. Or perhaps here is the real key to the problem. Perhaps the very fact that the troops are under a special nervous tension automatically protects them from airsickness. It is a thing about which information will be awaited with interest.

Airfarers

BOTH Lord Brabazon and Sir Frederick Handley Page spoke words of wisdom at the Roadfarers' Club luncheon at the Waldorf Hotel a short time ago. I liked particularly Lord Brabazon's emphasis on the part that quality played in the machines used by the Royal Air Force against the German air force at the time of the Battle of Britain. Lord Brabazon said that he hoped that through wise and capable management there would not arise in commercial aviation the causes of dispute and bickerings between nations but he was right in saying that it would want a good deal of steering and wisdom in high places.

Sir Frederick Handley Page emphasized a point made some time ago by Dr. Edward Warner. He remarked that the enormous aircraft is not the only one that should attract our interest and said that there is an important task for the medium-sized machine to fulfil. It is rather a strange thing to hear from one of the great pioneers of the big machines but it is a view which receives increasing support from all who study the position. The only thing is that large machines are still under consideration in many parts of the world. Reports keep on coming in of the big American projects and some British projects are for aircraft considerably bigger than any existing bombers.

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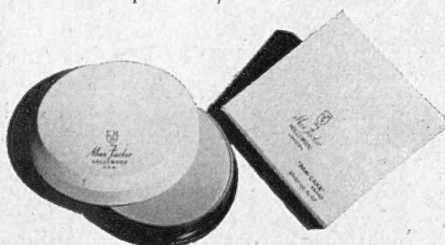
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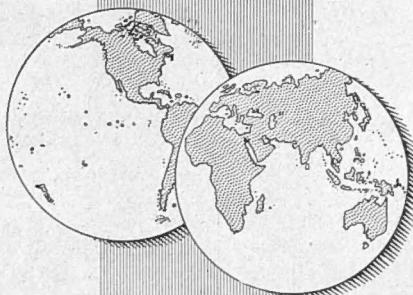
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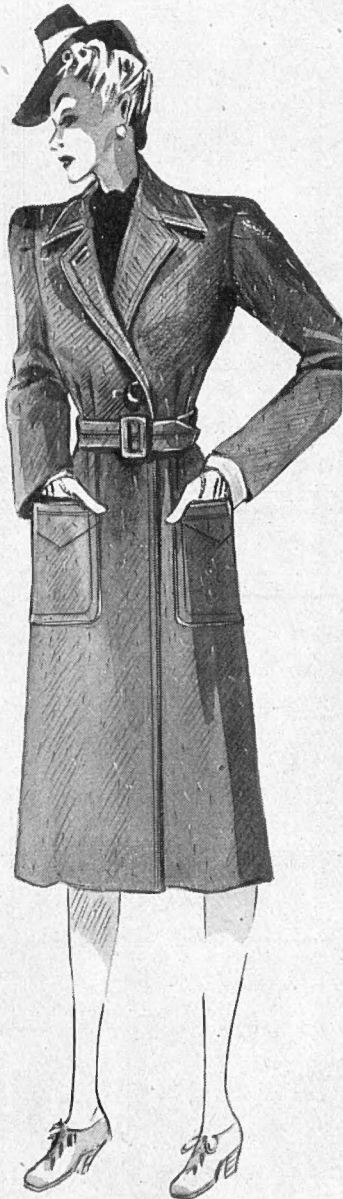
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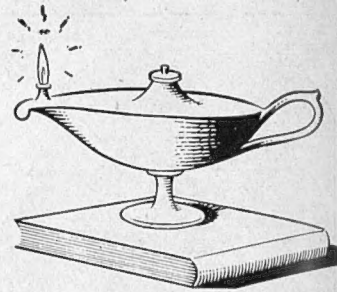


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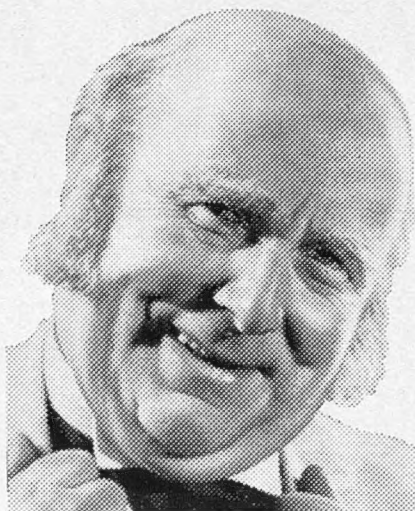
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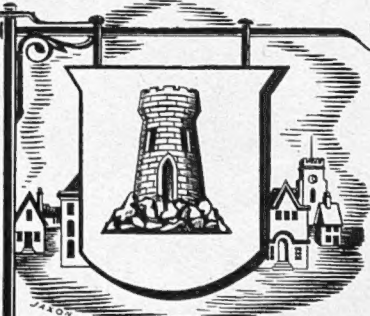
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